Wild Irish Captain,

OR,

VILLANY DISPLAY'D:

BEING THE

Exploits, and Memoirs,

OF THAT

Famous Boglander,

THE PRETENDED

MARSHAL of the *King's-Bench*,

David Fitzgerald,

Truly and Faithfully Related.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris & Carcere dignum.

LONDON,

Printed and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1692.

5. May.

TO THE READER.

IF he that fears leaſt, and feels as little, is he that puſhes fartheſt, and dares moſt; perhaps in ſome conſideration, a good Conſcience, or, the other Extream, none at all, are the Qualifications for the happy Man in this World. The laſt of theſe capacities I muſt confeſs, as deprav'd as the World is, is ſomewhat a Rarity. For, to inſtance, even the deſpairing Judas *that hang'd himſelf, the blackeſt of Villains generally ſometime or other feels a pang of Remorſe: yet as great a rarity as 'tis, we are very much miſtaken, if (to paſs by the puny* Judas's *feebler Conſtitution) we do not find you a perfect Original in a Claſs above him.*

Perhaps

Perhaps the only Misfortune of our History is, that 'tis not altogether so novel: The Exploits following are either the narrative of past years, and now almost forgotten; or otherwise, these private Adventures not noisy enough to make it so Popular a piece.

I shall not be tedious in my Introduction, but leave you to the Entertainment you'll find. I shall only make one Remark on the Comical part of our story. Our Wild Irish Captain, *our* David Fitzgerald, *is setting up for the* Marshal *of the* Kings-Bench; *and though at present in Execution on the Common-side of the Goal for some Hundred Pounds, makes it his Boast still (with what Front I dare not guess) that he shall be sworn in* Marshal *next Term. Now, Sirs, how qualified you'll find him for the place, the sequel will shew; and I shall leave it to the* Reader's *judgment to determine, whether his Pretensions (considering the Pretender) are meant as a Farce, or a Libel upon the Government.*

Fitzgerald's

Fitzgerald's Memoirs.

FOR the better Illuſtration of our Young Heroe's Memorials, the Subject of our preſent Pen, 'twill not be amiſs to give you his Original, and inform you that he was Son of a Father who had the Honour to be Indicted and Outlaw'd, as being one of the Cutthroats in the *Iriſh* Maſſacre of never dying Memory, and who with his Mother lived afterwards as *Itinerants*, in plainer *Engliſh* Dependants upon Charity for their Bread. The Son a little more lucky was advanced to the higher Fortune of being Originally a Footboy to one Capt. *Buttler*, and afterwards to one Coll. *Piggott*. From thence taking a ſmall Cot from Sir *Thomas Southwell*, he had the misfortune of having a few Cattle diſtrain'd for his Rent, (being all himſelf and Family had to ſubſiſt on) and worth in all near 10 *l.*) And having no way to recover 'em back again but by breaking the Pound, and ſtealing them out, his Landlord made bold to put an Attachment upon the Perſon of his Honourable Captainſhip to anſwer the ſaid Fact, from which he had no way to eſcape but by ſwearing a *Popiſh* Plot, and in Revenge, charging Sir *Thomas* for *concealing it*, as having ſome time before made ſome little Diſcovery of it to the ſaid Sir *Thomas*, tho' indeed not much credited by him, the Life and Converſation of the Voucher, a little diſparaging and diſcountenancing the Credit of the Teſtimony.

This overreach upon his Landlord had that desired Effect, that he was glad to forgive his Captainships Trespass in the Premises, as a Venial Petty-Larceny, and well he could compound so cheap. And hereupon enlarged and released, and as big as a *Mons parturiens*, he sets out for *England* with all the formidable Credentials, and Character of a Discoverer.

I shall not recount all Particulars of his Performance in this Expedition, I shall only hint to my Reader, that when his Swearing Hand was in, he made bold to impeach the Duke of *Ormond*, and that with a very full Charge, and home Push.

The Duke of *Ormond* therefore, (observe the Oracle, and the Brazen Front to the Cloven Foot that delivers it) of all the Nobility of the three Kingdoms, was the likeliest and propereſt Person for Mr. *David Fitzgerald*'s Infallible Testimony to set up for a *Popish* High Traytor. This very Duke of *Ormond* descended from a Family of more than 400 Years continuance, in all that Succession of Ages, their Escutcheon unblemisht, and their Loyalty untainted, must at last break that long Chain of Honour, to the indelible Brand of blasting such Hereditary Glories, and all (pray mark, the Jest on't) for these Reasons following.

First, This Duke of *Ormond*, so highly indebted to such Infinite Favours received from the Kindest of Patrons and Princes, his best of Masters King *Charles the Second*, to make himself the most Ingrateful of Mankind, must set up for a Conspirator against the Crown on that Head, nay, against the Head and Heart too of the most Generous of Monarchs.

Secondly, After so many heap'd Honours and peaceful Years, he must involve his Silver Hairs, and reverend Age in Plots and Treasons, to embaras the last part of his Life with so unaccountable a Load of Toyls and Turmoyls, the inseperable Shackles draging at the Heels of *Rebellions* and *Conspiracies*.

And

And why must the Duke of *Ormond* do all this? Oh! Yes, for this unanswerable Reason. The greatest part of his vast Estate, so many Thousands *per Annum*, were Originally *Popish* Lands forfeited by Treason. And therefore the Duke of *Ormond* has all the Invitations in the World to be a *Romish* Tool, to the hazard of his Head, and what not, for setting up that very *Popery*, that upon her first mounting her Throne must undoubtedly resume all her stript Plumes, and consequently the Plotting *Ormond* has the Pleasure of perpetrating all the blackest Ingratitude and Villany to the Sacrificing his whole Patrimony, and the entailing of Beggary, Curses, and Infamy upon his whole Posterity.

This terrible Thunderclap as Tragically levell'd by our little Swearing *David* against the poor Duke, had that unlucky Misfortune of only a Comical Execution. For the then reigning Devil began to play booty, and left his poor Imps in the Lurch. Our Fulminating Captain had the dismal Defeat of being one of the Abdicated Nation-Saviours, all his Propheticks ridiculed, and all his great Plot-work Foundation and Fabrick utterly crumbled to Dirt and Rubbish.

But as dasht as our *Popish* Plot lies, and our Hopes of Headsmen and Hangmens Work, on this side all baffled, we are not so cow'd, nor dastarded, but we are resolved to try the Dint of our Bolts on the other side, and see if our Thunder from that Quarter can strike with any surer Vengeance: And accordingly he sets up a *Protestant*-Plot-Office for Listing, and Mustering, Tutoring, and Disciplining of Hirelings, and Mercenaries, to swear most dismal High-Treason against the Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

In this more thriving Post, with the Encouragment of Court Countenance, and Court Gold, his Native Raggs and Beggary all vanisht, and shining in no common Gallantry and Bravery, his outside gay, and his Pockets well lined, our Captain among the stretching Consciences of his own *Wild-Irish* Leather, soon pickt up a pretty handsome Crew, (*viz.* in so gainful a Cause.) Now to set 'em neatly to work, our

our Captain underwent a great deal of Fatigue and Labour to Indoctrinate their *Wild-Iriſh* Underſtandings, and teach 'em their Leſſons *ad unguem*. And for the better colour of the matter, ſome of 'em were ſo hardy, by the Captains prompting and heartning, to attempt the drawing in of ſome more ſubſtantial Proteſtant Authority to ſupport and crutch up their feeble *Iriſh* Credit in ſo doughty a Teſtimony, in which to their unhappy diſappointment, by miſtaking their Men, they had the Misfortune to be charged and confronted with that blemiſh in their Scutcheon, commonly called *Subornation*, as Capt. *Wilkinſon*'s Narrative at large in that Affair has ſufficiently blazon'd.

The Captain's Attack againſt the Earl of *Shaftsbury* was much ſuch another, for Atchievement and Proweſs, with the firſt againſt the Duke of *Ormond*, it being highly reaſonable to believe, that that Wiſe and Learned Peer, could be guilty of no deeper a Reach and Fathom, than to Herd with Vagrants and Ruffians, Wretches not only of ſuch Infamous Principles and Characters, and already Traytors and Infidels to their own Cauſe and Party, as to make theſe very *Iriſh Popiſh* Tools the truſted Confidants and Intriguers in a pretended *Proteſtant* Conſpiracy of no leſs Import than ſubverting of Kingdoms, a very proper Set of Champions and Agents, and undoubtedly extraordinary well qualified for Votaries and Zealots to ſuch an Undertaking. I need not tell my Reader what ſucceſs our Captain and his Nurſery met, and what a Frightful Abortive *Mormo* himſelf and his *Bogland* Midwifery hatcht into Light, ſome of the Gang having had the Honour in a very little time after, to return to their Native Climats, and there die in their Callings, being Hang'd for Felonies and Murders, their Original Crafts and Occupations.

Let it ſuffice, that our *Machiavil Plotwright*, our *Grand Diſcoverer*, to ſhorten the matter, being ſhamefully Diſcarded, and kickt out by all Parties, was ſent a Grazing with a worſe than Mark of *Cain* upon him. For *Cain*'s, alas, was but

but a ſingle Murder. Our bolder heartyer Cutthroat, (had Oaths but Edge enough to kill) was forging of Axes, and hewing of Gibbets (at leaſt, no good will wanting of our ſide) for Heads and Throats innumerable. But, alas, to his utter Diſgrace, the main thing was wanting, the Onely and All, *viz.* Faith. For the Infidel Uncredulous Nation, to his Eternal Defeat, had too narrow a ſwallow: And ſo our Hunting Bloodhound, with the reſt of his Wolf-Land Gang, himſelf, and his diminitive ſucking Cubs, were all turned out with ſo Infamous a Brand, that the whole Fraternity of 'em were looked upon as the Peſt of the World. And whilſt the little *Euſtace Commins* was the Common Jeſt and almoſt Pity, the greater Counterſwearer, the Famous *David Fitzgerald*, was the Odium and Abhorrence of Mankind. For indeed the whole Honour of that Proverbial Characteriſtick of Egregious Villany, [*An Iriſh Evidence*] as the Leader of the Crew, was purely his own. A *Fitzgerald!* A *Felton*, nay, a *Raviliac*, without an Hyperbole, the honeſter Name. For thoſe barefaced Aſſaſſinates ſtab'd by Day-light: But the Fang of a Blood-thirſting Perjurer bites Death unſeen and undiſcover'd.

Well; though thus caſhier'd from his higher Poſt of a State-Evidence, nevertheleſs, not to lie idle, rather than fail we muſt ſtrike in at a lower Game. Though his Arts-Maſtery, Perjury, was thrown out of play, he has the freedom of keeping his Lying Hand in ſtill; and therefore like a true Son of the Great Father of that Profeſſion, to rove and wander about the World to ſeek whom he may devour is his next Buſineſs and Occupation.

Accordingly by the Title of Capt. *Fitzgerald*, (for once a Capt. and ever a Capt.) an Honour of his own dubbing, (for as to either Martial Preferment, or Martial Atchievements, we have no Records of his Feats beyond a Piſtol, a Poniard, or a Bayonet) he rambles the Town in the Port of a Gentleman, and maintains his Character only by a little innocent Forgery, Cheats, and Impoſture.

To instance some few of his Memoirs of that kind. He comes one day to an Eminent Citizen, and produces a Letter from a person of known Worth and Honour in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, directed to this Citizen, in which he was desired to Accommodate Mr. *Fitzgerald* with the Sum of 80 pounds, and for which the Letter gave leave to draw a Bill for the Money to be paid in *Dublin*. To attest the truth of this Letter, that it was the Authentick Handwriting of the aforesaid person of Honour, he brought no less than a Knight with him for his Voucher, a person doubly qualified for the Title of Knighthood, That of the *Post* being likewise one of his Dignifications, and in that Capacity a proper Comrade of our *Fitzgerald*, as a true Brother of the Craft, both of 'em offering their Oaths before a Master in Chancery (nay rather then fail the Sacrament too) to the Veracity of the Letter.

With this frank offer, aud a great deal of other Rhetorick (good Words, and high promises being his daily working Tools) the overperswaded Citizen was at length prevail'd upon, without troubling Law, or Gospel, Oaths, or Chancery, to furnish him with half the Sum, reserving the payment of the Remainder till the Acceptance of the Bill, which was accordingly posted over for *Ireland*. But as Occasions were over-pressing, and Money wanting; before the expected Answer could come back, our Importunate Suppliant had so plyed the matter, and laid so close a Siege, that he insinuated so far into the good-natured Citizen, that he swept the whole Sum.

But upon receipt of Answer to his Bill, here was an absolute *Ignoramus* returned. This unlucky Person of Honour had the Misfortune to be an utter stranger both to *Captain* and *Knight*, and Embassy and Credentials, both Letter and Bill were entirely Disclaim'd, and Disown'd.

Another prank he played an Inn-Keeper at *Charing-Cross*. Our *Captain* had an occasion to buy two Horses of him, for which having bargain'd, and the Cole to be paid down, the

two

two Palfreys were given to his Man, who mounted upon one, and leading the other, pranced backwards and forwards before the Door, whilst *Captain* and Jockey went in to Drink, and count over the Silver. The Man in the mean while, with such good Heels under him, makes bold to move off; and the *Master* truly upon Examination of his Pocket has not the Ready for present Satisfaction, but in some few Days he shall be furnisht, and upon Honour pay the utmost Doit, with the Addition of a Bottle and a Hollow Bit into the bargain.

The Steeds clearly marcht off, and his Chapman Insolvent, the Ale-draper began a little to sowre; but upon Recollection, remembring what Figure his Horse-Merchant made at Court, being at that time Plot-Master General, what with some small fear of being brought into his Plot, and some other little tremors about him, he cool'd into the kind Complement of his Honours Humble Servant, being contented to wait upon Providence and the *Captain*'s Good Graces, and Leisure, for the payment of his Debt.

But this single Overreach upon my good-natur'd Host was not belike sufficient. Our politick little *David* is resolved to play him an After Game too into the Bargain; and accordingly with a very Magisterial Confidence, *alias*, a true *Wild-Irish* Front, he brings Himself, his Man, and Horses, and Free-Quarters upon him to the Tune of 86 pound. For indeed he blustered so high, and appeared so formidable, that 'twas impossible for any common Courage to deny him: And kind *Landlord* therefore that hardly knew his Life was his own, no doubt durst do no less than pay Contribution to keep off Hostility.

But this swaggering gay Life must not troll on always; he has not danced so long and so merrily, but at last his turn comes to pay the Fidler: For in the year 83, he was fairly nabb'd in two Executions of near 200 *l.* and hous'd in the *King's-Bench*.

Here

Here a new Scene begins. Our Capt. in Durance is very uneasie in his Captivity, so mutinous and so extreamly troublesome, both to himself and the whole Jayle, that no Cat in a Cage was ever more vixon and restless: What the reason should be we cannot well guess; for God knows, a Stone Doublet was no Novelty to him: For, 'twas the last thing he wore before he left *Ireland*, having had the Honour of being translated from a Jayl-Bird to a Discoverer. But whether he had now a more Melancholy Prospect before him, *viz.* That the old Anvil and Forge could hammer out no second Deliverance; no new Plots nor Oaths to redeem him now; or else that he resolved to keep up his Character, and not degenerate from his Principles, though in his lowest of Circumstances; that is, to be the Grievance of a Jayl, as before of a Nation; from either or both these considerations, no matter: But so it was, that nothing was ever so turbulent as he. In short, he made such Commotions amongst 'em, that what with raying and fighting, and stabbing, a Case-knife being his darling Weapon, he grew unsufferable. Nay, at last he quarrell'd with the very Jayl too, and began to pick holes in the Marshal's Charter. Abuses and Injustice, and the Devil and all, a whole Bedroll of Complaints, and who but *Fitzgerald* for a Reformer, and truly a doughty one.

At length having tired out all their patience, he became the Nuysance, even of a Jayl, in somuch, that the Marshal at the Request of the Prisoners, and in meer Commiseration to 'em, was forced to turn him to the common side. Here he grew ten times (if possible) more outragious than before; that the Prisoners at last in their own defence, were forced to send to the *Marshalsea* to borrow Irons to tame him. But alas, all in vain: the Marshal himself grew at last so weary of him, that he fairly open'd him the Door, and with the civil Complement of [*Loop Skellum*] bid him shift for himself, resolving rather to pay his Debts for him, than to be troubled with him, telling him that he wou'd satisfie

ſatisfie his Executions, provided he would promiſe him the Favour of ſeeing his Face there no more.

One thing was remark'd of him during his Immurement, whenever he was mutinous in Jayl (a fit that took him often) he never quarrell'd with any Man, beſides the Attack of hard words & Caſe-knives; but the burthen of his Song was, he would ſwear Treaſon againſt him, forgetting (alas) poor man (but good Wits have bad Memories) that his ſwearing Talons were long ſince pared: 'Tis true, he made hard ſhift with ſome Lyes and Oaths, to get the Marſhal to turn an honeſt Waiter (call'd call'd *Mark Leo*) out of his place. And touch'd with a little compunction of Conſcience (a pain he is not often ſick of) for the Injuries he had done to him, he took him one day by the hand, *Well* Mark (ſays the *Captain*) *Thou art an honeſt Lad, and I am ſorry I have wronged thee. But to right thee again, as I have ſworn thee out of thy place; by* G--- *I'll ſwear thee in again.*

The Captain, having thus happily broke looſe from his Enchanted Caſtle, lay under no ſmall Obligations to the kind Marſhal; onely he forgot the performance of his laſt promiſe, for in a very few Months after, his Face appear'd on that ſide the Water again upon ſome new Corporal Attachment.

But the Marſhal, inſtead of houſing him, put Ten Guineas in his Pocket, and a new Suit of Cloaths upon his Back, (his Rigging being at that time out of Repair) upon condition he might have the happineſs of ſeeing his Backſide once more.

This ſecond Redemption joyn'd with the frank Donative of ſo many Yellow Boys received, and a good new Caſe to cover Nakedneſs, together with near a 100 *l.* pay'd by the Marſhal towards his former Debts; one wou'd reaſonably think, deſerved a grateful Acknowledgment from him to ſo generous a Patron and Benefactor. A Grateful Return indeed he owed him, and 'twas not long after, before he paid it him as Gratefully.

Soon after, in King *James*'s Reign, it hapned that a certain Gentleman, (afterwards Mr. *Glovers* Succeſſor) had a great Itch for the Marſhalſhip of the *Kings-Bench*. And truly, what with a then hungry Lord Chief-Juſtice, where a new Fee for the Office would be no unwelcome Breakfaſt, together with ſome extraordinary recommending Qualifications of his own for the place, *viz.* being a new Convert, a good ſtep to a Court-Favourite; and not only this, but Brother to a Scarlet Biſhop at that time no ſmall Potentate, This new Candidate's Hopes ſtood pretty fair for the Preferment; only the great miſchief was, the preſent Incumbent, the only Block in his way, muſt firſt be removed.

Very right, but how to get the Poſſeſſion ſeized, and *Gl*---- diſlodged: Ay. there's the point; conſidering how ſnug he lay, what Aſcendant he held there; the Minters and the whole place all of his Party, what Stratagems, and what hands muſt be ſound for ſo hardy an Enterprize? At laſt, upon the concluſive Debate in this Affair, one of the Conſult, bethought himſelf of the worthy Mr. *David Fitzgerald* as the only Engineer for ſuch an Expedition, a Tool ſo fit for ſuch a work, that the whole three Kingdoms could not better ſupply him.

The Motion was readily embraced, and 'twas reſolved, *Nemine contradicente*, that *Fitzgerald* ſhall be ſought and employ'd; the contents of his Commiſſion being to unrooſt Mr. *Gl*.--- from the *Kings-Bench*, *Vi & Armis*, alive or dead, no matter which. But here a new ſcruple aroſe; 'twas remembred how extravagantly kind Mr. *Glover* had been to him, had twice releaſed him from Jayl, pay'd his Debts, fed, cloath'd and cheriſh'd him, *&c.* and therefere it muſt be undoubtedly a hopeleſs deſign, ever to think of engaging Mr. *Fitzgerald* in ſo unnatural and barbarous a Return to ſo kind a Friend, the onely Perſon in the World that had moſt obliged him. One of the Company, who hapned to be a little better acquainted with the Captain's Complexion

Cómplexion and Kidneys, ſmilingly replyed to this ſcruple Raiſer. *Troth Sir, you don't know Mr.* Fitzgerald *ſure, or if you did, you would not talk at this fooliſh rate. Unnatural and Barbarous!* (quoth he) *are thoſe triffling Conſiderations any Baulk to Capt.* Fitzgerald? *No, Faith Sir, To do him Juſtice in that matter, if the Marſhal has obliged him, ſo much the fitter Man he to cut his Throat.* Gratitude or Favours any check to his Principles! So far from it, and ſo much to the contrary, that if you could but ſee the Soul of him, I'll be hang'd if from the bottom of his heart he do not love *Lucifer* the better for being an Arch-Angel when he rebell'd. In ſhort, don't you intend to reward him for his ſervice? And if ſo, where there's miſchief to act, and Money to pay for it; give me Man of the World that would proſtitute a Siſter, or hang a Father, and commend me to *Fitzgerald.*

This honeſt Vindication of the Captain's true Character, and ſome other potent Reaſons ſoon ſilenced all doubts, and accordingly Mr. *Fitzgerald* was engaged in the Affair: in which he was commiſſion'd an abſolute Plenipotentiary to act at Diſcretion, the whole Meaſures and Management, being left ſolely to his own Motion and Conduct.

Beſides, by the way of Encouragement, here was no leſs than fifty Pounds preſent Reward, all down upon the Pot-lid; nay, and 200 *l. per annum*, engag'd upon Honour to be pay'd out of the Office when obtain'd. A ſum, let me tell you, ſo far from from failing to inſpire our thorough-paced Undertaker with no common reſolution. Fifty Pounds (quoth a!) ay, *rather than ſtand out, Thirty Pence*, (eſpecially to copy after his darling Original, His great elder Brother) a Largeſs ſufficient, in the Captain's Gold Scales to put Life and Soul into a much bolder Cauſe, and weigh down a much weightier Conſideration than his Obligations to *Glover* Nay, to hearten this Heroick Exploit, here were conſiderable Prompters behind the Curtain: For inſtance, Mr. *Gl---'s* Predeceſſor, a Perſon of ſome

Figure;

Figure; who, worthy Gentleman, having honestly sold Mr. *Glover* the place, thought fit to take Mony twice, (an honourable sort of Frailty) and therefore was a mighty stickler again *Glover* for his new Client; and that too upon a double consideration, first to come in snips with the Lord Chief Justice, at that time some Hundreds in his debt; and secondly, under the like assurance with the Captain, *viz.* of a brace of Hundreds, *per annum*, engag'd likewise upon Honour, out of the Office, when gain'd. But above all, here was our high and mighty Episcopal Brother, that Potent Grandee at the Helm, the great Animator of the Business. For in Case of over-pushing the Cause, and *Glover* should drop in the Fray, here was spiritual Security given against any Temporal Lapse or Transgression, *viz.* his Prelatical Lordship's Guarrantee, and Engagement for the Captain's Personal safety; and against all Penalty, or Premunire of any Heritick Law in that case incurred, in *verbo Regii sacerdotis*, he promised to secure him a full and absolute *Pardon*; nay, if he pleas'd a *Bull* for it too.

Hereupon very hot upon so acceptable a piece of Service, the Captain applys himself to Mr. *Rouse* then under-Sheriff, for a Warrant against one *Henry Glover*. Merchant; for his design was to get a good strong Gang to back him, & so himself the Bum, and they his Followers (any shape for villany) to seize him by an arrest in his own House, as a special Bayliff; and by this powerful Assistance to drag him from Sanctuary, and carry him off triumphantly. But the under-Sheriff, notwithstanding the Title of a *Merchant*, was foysted in for a Blind, smelt out the cheat, and knowing it intended as a Trapan to the poor Marshal, denied him the grant of any such Warrant; upon which the Capt. was extream loud, and threatned to pull down his House for it. But though disappointed at the Sheriffs Office, he speeds a little better at the *Marshalsea*, where for more disguise he takes out a Writ against *Henry Glover*, Labourer.

Hereupon

Hereupon he goes to *White-hall*, and out of one of the Foot Companies of the Guard, he culls out 16 *Iriſh* Men, whom he hired for half a Crown a piece, ready Mony, and a greater ſum to be pay'd upon the Merit of their performance; their Buſineſs (as he pretended) being to ſeize a Lord for High-Treaſon againſt the King, who had ſhelter'd himſelf in the *Kings-Bench* Rules.

The poor *Teagues* being extreamly zealous for the King's Service, were proud of ſo honourable an Expedition as the ſeizing of a Traytor, and their underſtandings well ſatisfied in their *Leader* and their *Cauſe*, they very chearfully march'd along with him. When they came towards the *Bench*, to avoid ſuſpition by marching in too great a Body, he took care to plant 'em in ſeveral ſub-diviſions by way of Ambuſcade, and all to be ready upon the Signal given. Two of the hardieſt of 'em, himſelf following at ſome diſtance, went up to the Marſhals Door under pretence of a Letter from ſuch a Perſon———and when the Marſhal came to the Door to receive it, they both ſeized him, and ſeconded by *Fitzgerald*, who preſently ſtept in, and the whole Party immediately after; the whole place was inſtantly in an Alarm. The Marſhal's Servants and the Minters all in an uproar, came arm'd to his Reſcue. When *Fitzgerald* perceiving himſelf too ſtrongly beſet, and the Enterprize more hazardous than expected, though hopeleſs of ſucceeding one way, (*viz.* in getting him off) reſolv'd to make ſure work another way, and immediately clapp'd a Piſtol at the Marſhal's Head; but as the Captain's misfortune would have it, it miſs'd firing, and ſo he eſcaped that Vengeance.

Hereupon a very ſharp Encounter enſued, in which one of the *Iriſh* Party fell. When the Capt. finding a neceſſity of Retreating, as being o'repower'd, and the Marſhal in the Scuffle, being knock'd down and ſprawling flat on his Back in the Dirt; the Capt. for one civil parting ſtroke, whips out a Bagonet; and after the hearty farewel Salutation of [*God damn the Dog*] makes a very ſmart

blow at his Heart; but the Marſhal's left Arm happening to lye croſs his Breaſt, the Bagonet ſtruck into the Bone of his Wriſt, and thereby the intended Diſpatch was intercepted; where he left it ſticking, whilſt himſelf and his *Myrmidons* with much Precipitation, made the beſt of their way. This laſt home puſh you may imagine was given with a good Will; for the *Bagonet* run ſo far into the very Bone, that the *Marrow* came out at the wound. But you have been told, how much he was indebted to the Marſhal, and this way he ſtudied the Payment. And if ever a *Military* Title of Honour was his due, 'twas now, for here he was a *Captain*, indeed, a true *Captain Provoe* in his *Honourable Expedition*.

The *Marſhal* afterwards with ſome *Spectators* of the *Fray*, went over to *White Hall*, where that *Company* of the *Guard* were on purpoſe drawn out, and 11 of the 16 *Iriſh Faces*, known and challenged. But the poor *Boglanders*, who were onely ſimple ignorant Tools in the Buſineſs, owning what Mony they received, and on what Account, the *Marſhal* was pleaſed to expreſs ſome Reſentments againſt their *Cut-throat Generaliſſimo*, without asking any further *ſatisfaction* from ſuch inconſiderable Rubbiſh, one of their *Company* having lay'd his Bones by it.

But notwithſtanding the *Captain*'s proweſs in the foremention'd Engagement, met not the ſucceſs deſired; and his unconſecrated *Poniard*, had fail'd the good work intended, (a no ſmall heart-breaking baulk) nevertheleſs he ſoon after received ſome conſiderable comfort to allay that pain; *viz.* that *Glov——rs* inevitable Doom ſoon follow'd: for three hundred irreſiſtible Guineas to the Lord Chief Juſtice, had written his *Mene Mene Tekel Upharſin*; and for the nobler form of Juſtice, here was one dead doing Blow that utterly deſtroy'd poor *Glov——r*. For having about that time the *unfortunate Vanity* of purchaſing a *Pleaſure Boat* of 6 Tuns burthen, for a little Recreation upon the *Water*, a moſt horrible Plot was ſworn againſt him; that this *Pleaſure*

Boat

Boat was deſigned for carrying off both, his Debt and State-Priſoners, not exceeding the number of 14 or 1500, and conſequently a very ſmall Crew for ſo capacious a Veſſel; and by the Thunder ſtroke of this Evidence, and the 300 Guineas to enlighten the Judge's Eyes, and corroborate the Teſtimonie, he received his Deſtiny.

You ſee *Reader* what an Implacable ſworn *Perſecutor* of the *Bench*, is our angry *Lilliburlero* Spark. But *Glover*doom is not his only Vengeance: For the preſent *Marſhal*, (as ſtrong a Tenure as he holds by, being eſtabliſh'd in his Office by the whole Bench of *Judges*) muſt come in for a Sufferer; ſome ſmart Whips and Rods (as you'll find by the ſequel) in this preſent 92, are a knotting for his Back. Nay, Mr. *Lenthall* himſelf (for Right, Title, Inheritance, Juſtice, or Equity, are no Bars to our *Captain*) muſt ſhare the Laſh.

But to return to our Hiſtory, the 300 Guineas we muſt ſuppoſe were all the kind Brother Biſhops, ſome ſmall Gleanings no doubt of his Apoſtolical high Harveſt at that ſeaſon. For the poor new *Marſhal*, Godwott, was none of the richeſt, being indeed but a ragged Inmate of the *Bench*, then under Execution; ſo very much out at heels, that at the day of his Promotion to the Marſhalſhip, he was neceſſitated to borrow a *Coat* from a *Saleſman* at the *Bridge-foot*, with the reſt of the Appurtenances from ſome aſſiſting Wardrobes to equipp him with Enrobements to be ſworn and inſtall'd in. But as humble and tatter'd as he enter'd into his new Honours, he ſoon grew as gay and as proud in the wearing of 'em: For when his Patron, the *double-Jale Office Merchant*, formentioned, came to congratulate his Advancement, and withal, to beg the ſealing of Articles for the 200 *l. per annum*, according to ſtipulation: and his faithful Drudge, the *Captain*, likewiſe came open-mouth'd, for the like annual ſum upon the Treaty; truly our Eſquire in Authority, had the misfortune to be troubled with a treacherous ſort of a *Court Memory*, and had utterly forgotten any ſuch promiſe he made 'em.

Nay,

Nay, upon farther Clamours and Demands in the matter, he bore it at last so very Magisterially to each of his Dunners, as to Swear by St. *Peter, He knew not the Man.* What hard Resentments the first of our *Demanding Expectants* conceived at this denial we are not inform'd. But for the *Captain*'s part, to be kickt off so shamefully, and all his deserving Services rewarded with the course Complement of [*Give the Knave a Groat,*] touch't him so to the quick that a smaller Bribe, upon occasion, would have hired him, with a much surer Pistol, and a keener Bayonet, to do the same kindness for this New *Marshal*, that he once intended for his Friend *Glover*; two hundred a Year so well earn'd, and so ill paid, too deep a Mortification, to be born without a murmuring pang, and some more than ordinary Agitations of Spirit.

From this Defeat returning to his old Drudgery, Craft, and Cozenage, he sharp'd about the Town till the beginning of this Revolution, at which time as a Malecontent against the Government, he was thrown into the *Gate-house, Westminster*, and continued there 7 or 8 Months. In this Confinement, though sometimes succor'd with some *Popish* Relief, as being a Zealous and Vehement *Romanist* for that little Religion he had occasion for, yet the Remembrance of poor *Oliver Plunket*, and some other very black Bars in his Scutheon, (*maugre* his Meritorious Endeavours against the Lord *Shaftsbury*, &c.) a little shorten'd their Doles, and curtil'd their Charity, insomuch that his Subsistance was not over plentiful.

After his Deliverance from thence, his Pocket somewhat low, amongst other Expedients and Projections for Recruit, he bethought himself of trying a new touch with his Old Friend in the City. A bold Undertaking let me tell you, and where he must exercise all his best Politicks, for the Gentleman had been so severely shamm'd before, that it must be a Hook very well baited that must make him bite again. However that Obstacle shall not frighten him, for he resolves upon a Master-piece. Accordingly he makes him a Visit,

and

and tells him very formally, *How heartily ſorry he was that he had uſed him ſo unkindly, and been ſo long his Unhappy Debtor. But notwithſtanding the bad Opinion, and all the hard thoughts he had ſo much reaſon to conceive againſt him, he was reſolved to recover his forfeited Favour by doing him Juſtice, and making him all the Reparation he could deſire; and therefore though his own Misfortunes had render'd him incapable of doing it, nevertheleſs kind Providence (Heaven be prais'd) had rais'd him that Worthy Friend, who wou'd ſtand Bound with him for the Debt; a Perſon of that Honour and Ability, whoſe Security was unqueſtionable.* Hereupon he Names ſuch a particular Country Gentleman of a great Eſtate; and declares, *That he had prevail'd upon him to enter into Bond and Judgment for the Money payable within 12 Months. However he muſt intreat the Additional Favour of making the 80 up to Six ſcore Pounds.* The Citizen made Anſwer, That nothing of that ſhould be wanting, provided he was ſatisfied in the Truth of his Security. *Ay, and all the Reaſon in the World* (replys the *Captain.*) *For he ſo much bluſh'd for his laſt Fault, that he ſhould be the greateſt of Villains, and worſt of Monſters, if he entertain'd ſo much as a thought of deceiving him now. And therefore he left it to his own Breaſt to take what time, and make whatſoever Inquiry he pleas'd.*

The Citizen reſolving now not to be ſnared by his former Credulity, makes all the Scrutiny and Examination that poſſibly coud be obtain'd: He learns the Eſtate, Family, Relations, nay, the very Deſcription of the Perſon of this Country Gentleman; and what not! When at the Day prefixt they all three met, firſt our Citizen makes a curious Survey of this Landed Eſquire, and finds his Perſon exactly agreeing with the Deſcription received: And then asks him ſo many ſeveral nice Queſtions relating to all the very Privacies of his Family, and Affairs, (of which he had before got *Information*) and received ſuch Anſwer to every Interrogatory, that he reſted intirely ſatisfied in the Gentleman, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting an *Impoſtor*, and accordingly pays the Re-

 mainder

mainder of the Sixscore Pounds upon the Signing and Sealing, as aforesaid, propos'd.

The honest Citizen, who as Cocksure as he thought himself, has only *catcht a Tartar*, in less than 3 Weeks after finds out the whole *Legerdemain*, This unknown new Bondsman had indeed a pretty near Resemblance of the Country Gentleman pretended, enough at least to agree with the Description, and had likewise got himself so well tutor'd in all the Criticisms of the Family, as to stand the Catechising; but no more the Man then a *Morrall* a *Wickham*, and his *Bond* and *Judgment* as little worth as the others *Last Will* and *Testament*.

Thus, kind Reader, you see what hard shift this Honest *Plaindealer*, the good *Captain*, poor Gentleman makes, to rub out in the World. And under these worthy Qualifications and Character, the *Captain* (you must know) has had a long Ambition to be Marshal of the *King's-Bench*; and accordingly has made it his some Years study to discover what inconsiderable Vagrants, and Varlets, Poultrons, and what not, have all along occupied the place; and therefore resolves to retreive the Office from the long Disgrace and Reproach it has suffer'd, by doing it the Honour of translating a Person of his own Nobler Extract and Merits, Endowments, and Honesty, Principles, and Integrity, to grace that Employment the Predecessors had scandaliz'd. And good reason too, for coming off with a loosing hand, in his forementioned *King's-Bench Journey-work* in the service of *Ellis* against *Glover*, where he Plough'd so hard, and Reaped so little; he resolves now to trust no ungrateful Pay-masters, but e'en set up for himself.

Now as great Machines are not moved by a small weight, or a few Hands, here must be more than one Actor and several Prompters to carry on this Intrigue, and set these Wheels a moving. And accordingly a certain Gentleman, by Profession a *Goldsmith*, but by Occupation, and for Advancement a *Turnkey*, is a mighty stickler in the management of this

this great Turn of State on the *Surrey* ſide the Water; and ſwears by all his Bodkins and Thimbles no ſmall Vengeance againſt that ungrateful (for that is the Capital ſin) the *Bench*.

Beſides here is another Caſhier'd Turnkey under Diſguſt, ſince ſet up for a Merchant, that joyns in this Tripple League, and who with Mouth Granado's, the Swearing part of the work, is to make one in the Battery.

Who therefore but our honeſt *Captain*, and as honeſt *Goldſmith* piſs in a Quill, and as loving as Buckle and Thong, or rather as Witch and Imp, (*Fitzgerald*'s the Tett, and the Turnkey the Suckling) both hang, and indeed deſerve to hang together, as Maſter and Mate in this Buſineſs.

The *Captain* as the abler Head piece to furniſh Law, and the Spoonſeller we ſuppoſe the abler Pocket-piece to pay Fees for it, the *Captain* draws up a Prodigious Arraignment and Impeachment charged and loaded with moſt High Miſdemeanours, and moſt Mortal Tranſgreſſions, and all of 'em, upon the Veracity of an Evidence, ſubſtantially atteſted and proved againſt the Bench, and receives as ſubſtantial Encouragement, *viz.* Good Gold in Hand, and Golden Mountains to come, for the Service.

But whence proceeds all this Dudgeon (Ay! That's worth our Curioſity) againſt the poor *Bench*? As for the *Captain* he moves by a profeſt Principle of open Hoſtility upon all Mankind, and the Marſhalſhip of the *Bench*, or what not, all's lawful prize he can reach; and is ſo well ſatisfied (and hopes to make all *Whitehall* ſo too) of his ample Accompliſhment for that, or a much higher Poſt; that he doubts himſelf no way unqualified (on occaſion) for a Judge, or a Chancellor, at leaſt for his Honeſty, that recommending Faculty, whatever he wants in Ability.

And for the other Male-content to tell you the naked truth, his Bellows are at work, and his Quick-ſilver ſet a madding out of the meer Spirit of Indignation. You muſt underſtand that ſome few Years ſince he had the Honour of being ſome ſmall Spark in Office there; for having laid out

ſome

ſome Guineas for a Key, belike he miſtook his purchaſe, and bought only a Tenantſhip for *durante Benemerito*, which he intended a *Leaſe for Life*. For it unhappily falling out that he *Lorded* it a little too high in his *Poſt*, and particularly by his own Arbitrary Authority, having once made bold to ſuffer a priſoner in Execution for a 1000 *l.* to take a Ramble to his Seat in *Eſſex* (ſomething an overlarge Rules) and there do him the favour to die; for ſatisfaction of this Eſcape chargeable upon the Marſhal, he had his own Key civilly turn'd upon him, and lay hous'd in the *Bench* till ſatisfaction made. For which, and ſome ſuch Services, having received a Writ of *Quietus*, he has ever ſince in pure Gall and Revenge, under the Mask of Reformation, been a vehement proſecutor of the Faults of the *Bench*, reſolving to attach the very Office to make his own Repriſals.

Well then to wreak all this Vengeance a forging, how, and by what ſteps muſt our Approaches and Attacks be made? Truly in anſwer to that, the only *Mine* we have to carry on, is to make the Office forfeited, and thereby ſeizable; and conſequently who ſtand ſo fair for new pretenders as we. 'Tis decreed therefore, that the Office muſt and ſhall be forfeited. But how, my Maſters! Oh very eaſie: For look ye, here are ſeveral voluntary Eſcapes conſented to, and connived at, a Crime enough to diſſolve a much ſtronger Charter than that of the Bench. Right, *Roger*. And the Golden Turnkey himſelf, who has not been ſo long acquainted, and ſo intimate with the *Captain* to be to learn now to ſet up for an Evidence, is able from his own knowledge to prove it. Knowledge, did I ſay: Ay, and very good Reaſon: For 'tis a very eaſie matter (as his own Experience can teſtifie) for the Knaviſh Wag the Man to lay his Tayle in the Parlour, and then to cry, *Foh! Maſter your Horſe ſtinks*.

Theſe therefore are the Meaſures we are to take. And our Goldſmith, who in this caſe turn'd Tinker, and made the Holes he mends, has Field large enough, and Front hard enough,

nough, (*viz.* with the *Captain* his Tutor and Instructor) for Complaints innumerable; and nothing undoubtedly so Masterly a projection, as himself to get the Brat, and make the Office Father it.

Upon this Basis our whole Fabrick stands: And hereupon our commission'd *Complainant* the *Capt.* wriggles himself into *Whitehall*, and there so manages his *Natural Talent* till he strikes in even with Quality and Honour, a Condescension of their part somewhat wonderful; but perhaps their descending Goodness was mistaken in the Donation of their Smiles and Graces; they had not possibly the full knowledge of all his Heroick Errantries, and therefore might be more excusable in the choice of their Favourite.

Our *Captain* during these Vigorous Advances, makes bold to Counterfeit two Letters as from a person then transacting with Mr. *Lenthall*, in Answer to others from Mr. *Lenthall* to the said Gentleman, supposed to be Intercepted by Mr. *Fitzgerald*, and which by the same person have been own'd, both the Contents and Name subscribed, to be Errant *Forgery*, an eminent *Talent* of the *Captains*. Nay, the *Captain* has written one very Insolent one to Mr. *Lenthall*, with his own proper Fist, very haughtily telling him he had made a forfeiture of the *Bench*, having obtain'd the *King*'s *Grant*; nevertheless if Mr. *Lenthall* pleased to consider his power either of making or ruining him, which now lay wholly in his Breast, it behoving him to make his Applications accordingly, he intimated that a considerable Fellow-feeling in the Cause, would make him change his Resolution, and soften his good Nature into Mercy, and as far as Matters were gone, save all yet. But Mr. *Lenthall* disdaining to take notice of so Frightless an Adversary, and likewise insisting on the Justice of his own Hereditary Right, was pleased to Answer his Letter and Threats with a negligent Silence and Contempt; which so nettled the *Captain*, That he United his Forces and doubled his pace, driving *Jehu like* for himself and his Turnkey.

By Virtue of ſuch hideous Complaints, and ſuch Noble *Patrons* to back 'em, as before mention'd, our *Politician* at laſt ſo well reacht his *Mark* as to obtain ſome preliminary Inſtructions towards an Order of *Grant* of the *King's Bench*, to a certain Knight, a new Court Beggar (whether a Nominal Titular *Hold-my-Staff*, or what elſe, we will not inquire) and with it not only the Office of *Marſhal*, but alſo the very diſpoſal of Mr. *Lenthall's* Birthright and patrimony included in the Forfeiture. An Embrio not likely to ripen over haſtily; it being reaſonable to hope, that the Scales of due Juſtice will maturely ponder and weigh, and not be precipitate in ſuch a Determination; eſpecially remembring that not many Years ſince, when a more peremptory Grant of the *Kings-Bench*, was made, and that too to a more Honourable Candidate, the Lord ~~Lundon~~ yet even in thoſe Days when Charters and Property were little more than Cobweb Lawn; nay, and when *Magdalene* College felt the ſweeping Hand of power, nevertheleſs the *King's Bench* ſtood ſtaunch, and even the then Cloſeted Oracles of Law ſtood mute in that point.

But to return to our Intriguers. Our *Newgatier Goldſmith* for his part is ſo elevated with the ſucceſs of our Courtier in Ordinary, his Sollicitor-General the *Captain*, that he looks upon the Buſineſs as done, and all his own; that he has got the *Bench* aſſure, and *Lenthall* as ſafe, as if he had hoop'd him into a Thumb Ring. *Lenthall* did I ſay; Ay, and all the reaſon in the World, for *Lenthall* was once his beſt, and perhaps only Friend, and kept him in his place of the *Bench* to the profit of ſome Hundreds of pounds againſt all oppoſition, and therefore has undoubtedly deſerved this return, the Turnkey having ſo long Converſt with the *Captain* as both to ſtudy and copy him; his Perſecution of *Lenthall*, being exactly a pattern of the *Captain's* forementioned Gratitude to *Glover*.

And for the *Captain* he ſtruts it, and ſwaggers it at no ſmall rate, is ſo great and Formidable in every Aleſhop and Coffee-

Coffee-house about *Soho*, that who but Mr. *Marshal Fitzgerald*, a Don and Grandee amongst them, their Caps and Knees, and all their best Devotion too little for him; nay, he bears the port, and keeps up the Figure so high, to that Reputation and Interest upon the Credit of his new Honour, that there's scarce an Ale-Tub, or Brandy-Cask in the whole Precinct, that has not his Title at large, the Honourable *King's Bench Marshal* in Chalk.

Amongst these little Mondungo Merchants, his Confiding Sutlers in Ordinary, our *Captain* generally spent the greatest part of his Evening Rambles. But his High noon March, most commonly lay *Newgate* Road, whither he tript it almost every Day, muffled in his Leaguer by the way of *Incognito*, to his General's Tent the Turnkey, to hook in a Good Bait, and borrow a *George*: For his *Marshal's* Fees being not yet received, and his *Soho* Free-Quarters not intirely supplying present occasion, a little ready Gelt in pocket to flourish over a Bottle of *Oats* and *Bedloe*, now and then by the way of Magnificence does not amiss. And indeed he comes every Day big with some new Revelation, some private Whispers about the great Work of projection, that *Mahomet's* pidgeon was never more welcome.

Nay, in all *Companies* his boasted *Marshalship* is his Top and Top Gallant. One Day last Term, in *King's-Street*, *Westminster*, he met an Eminent Prisoner, with whom he must needs Drink; and the first Entertainment he gave him, was to shew him, he had *Lenthall's* Doom in his Pocket; and so pull'd out the pretended Copy of an Absolute Grant of the Forfeited *Bench* to a Knight, as before-mentioned, under whom himself was to officiate as *Marshal*; nevertheless, as Absolute a Grant as he pretended, and as far as Proceedings were carried, yet if *Lenthall* would come to a fair understanding with the *Captain*, he would revoke all, set him to rights again, and fix him as firm as Fate. You see what Ascendant the *Captain* holds, has the Court, and Signet-Royal at Beck, to grant or ungrant at his pleasure; has Destiny

ſtiny, and the Reverſing of Deſtiny, *Lenthall*'s Ruine, and *Lenthall*'s Preſervation, Life and Death in his Hands.

But as ſpight of ill Fate would have it; a certain louring Planet, ſome illboding Star towards the *Southward* in the Houſe of Captivity, ſeem'd to have an untowardly Aſpect upon his new Felicities. It was remember'd by ſome envious Repiners at his good Fortune, ſome male-contents on the other ſide the Freſh-water Brook, (for Rivals will be ill-natured) that ſome unhappy Arrears there remained unſatisfied, and that ſome importunate Duns and Murmurers, who had long been enquiring about a certain Fugitive, a Rambler that had formerly leap'd the Pale there, were upon entring of Ticklers, and ſuing Eſcapes for ſome conſiderable Pounds; inſomuch, that ſelf-Preſervation, and ſome other Reaſons of State made 'em think it high prudence to look out ſharp, (and if poſſible) to retreive the Wanderer; his Horſe-Merchant and City Friend being amongſt the Complainants.

Hereupon ſome Sub-Commiſſioners were diſpatch'd to the *Soho*-ſide to make a new hunt for our new *Marſhal Elect*, being reſolved to requeſt his clearing of old Scores before his contracting new ones. Now the *Captain* for ſome certain Reaſons, living like a travelling *Tartar*, his Habitation uncertain; and though his intended *Southwark*-ſide Pallace of State, a little more conſpicuous, his preſent Lodgings ſomewhat obſcure, our Rover was not over eaſily to be met withal. But Vegilance and Induſtry, though long upon cold *Scent*, were pretty cloſe *Hunters*; at laſt for about 10 a Clock one Night, at an *Ale-Houſe* in his *Soho*-Walk, they got the happineſs of ſeeing his fair Face. A Gentleman at that time in the Officers Company, ſtept in firſt, and Saluted the *Captain* very mannerly. The *Captain* returned the Civility, expreſſing ſome pleaſure to ſee his Old Acquaintance, telling him, That *he was ſpeedily coming over amongſt 'em to be their* Marſhal, *and conſidering his Old Friend was very well verſed in the Affairs of the Office, he could not employ an Honeſter or*

Abler

Abler Man, and if he pleased to accept of it, he had a place of 200 l. *a Year under him at his Service.* The Gentleman kindly thank'd him for his intended Grace and Favour, only he was afraid that there was no place belonging to the Office that could be worth that Mony. Then replyed the generous Captain, *If one place be not worth it, you shall have two.*

Towards the end of this friendly dispute, the *Kings-Bench* Officers, the Capt. *Hunters* enter'd; and joyning in the Conference, were pleased to tell him, that since he was so generously dealing out his Favours, and cantoning out his Principality in such large sub-Governments under him, the least in Justice they could do, was to see him in Possession, which they resolved should be that very night, they being all his ready humble Servants to usher him thither. Hereupon one of the Company seiz'd the Captains Sword which lay by him, but afterwards to treat him with the Civility, as they told him, due to a Gentleman, 'twas returned him again, to dispose of as he pleased, which the *Captain* immediately gave the Landlord of the House, with Orders to send it to his Honourable *Newgate* Friend. A piece by the bye, of very great Justice in the *Captain*, the Sword indeed, being but a borrow'd one: And that by an accidental misfortune, worth the Reader's hearing, the *Captain* having about a Month before in one of his Feats of Chivalry, by the Chance of War, the ill luck of losing his own. For meeting with an old Acquaintance and Country-man in or about *Hatton-Garden*, upon some controvertial Point arising between 'em, the *Captain* most heroically (the Gentleman being a proper Match for his Prowess, as a *Merchants Factour*, and wearing no Sword) drew upon him, whilest the Gentleman, with no other Guard but his Gloves, made bold to grapple our terrible Commission'd Officer, disarm him, and stamp his Sword to pieces under his Feet.

I leave the *Reader* to imagine how this Complement of their profer'd Service reliſh'd; For as Ambitious, as our *Captain* was; and as much as he loved State, he has at preſent a not overwelcome Train of Attendance. A Brace of Coaches therefore were inſtant call'd; and as in their march, they paſt under *Newgate*, he made very earneſt Suit and Requeſt to ſtay ſo long as to ſpeak one word to his worthy Turnkey friend there: But the hard-hearted Denial was made him, deſiring his patience for a longer, and more leiſurely Conference at ſome more ſeaſonable hour, his Friend no doubt owing him a much greater Arrears than the payment of a viſit on the other ſide the Water. When he came over fafe, you may gueſs what welcome Reception he found, the preſent *Marſhal* truly being not diſpleaſed at entertaining ſo look'd for a Gueſt; and indeed a ſeaſonable ſervice to the publick, it being poſſibly a National Obligation in cooping up ſo ſharp-talon'd, and ſo rapacious a Bird of Prey.

In this laſt Impriſonment, at firſt he behaved himſelf very inſolently, at the old mutinous rate, clamouring loud, and threatening to ſwear High-Treaſon again at every turn. Now to paſs by the ſtrength and Dint of his Oath in that caſe, it would be worth ones while to know what he means by Treaſon. For if his Converſation were inquired into, in the Company where he dares ſpeak his Scul, he hardly owns the preſent Government. One Day particularly he was ſo barbarouſly rude to an Elderly Gentleman a fellow Priſoner, that truly not able to bear it any longer, they all in a body made bold to take down his heat, by expoſing him in a Wheel-barrow to the Common-ſide Grate, and afterwards giving him a little cooling at the Pump.

This impardonable Indignity offer'd to his perſon was ſo hainouſly reſented, that in meer deſpight he reſolved to turn the Farce into a Tragi comedy at leaſt, if no worſe: And accordingly he gave out, that he had received thoſe dangerous Bruiſes that he bled inwardly. The Priſoners, though

though conscious of their own Innocence, well remembering no such Contusions made, having indeed only loaded him with shame, however in tenderness to his Complaints of that kind, frankly offer'd him a Doctor and a Nurse at their own Charge. This the *Captain* utterly refused, resolving perhaps to make a die on't, on purpose to leave hanging Work amongst 'em for his Death. And hereupon every Morning when his Chamber-pot came down, to their no little Surprize, they met with very frightful Indications, *viz.* His Water Scarlet deep. This continued several days, the Bloody Dye rather heightned than diminisht, insomuch, that their Fears were more than Shadows, and a kind of Pannick Terrour began to arise amongst 'em. But at length mark the Catastrophe of a very dismal Discovery; why truly there was found in the Sick Man's Chamber a Bottle of Sheeps Blood, with two or three Spoonfuls of which, he cunningly tinctured his Urine, gratifying himself at least with some part of a Revenge, in only putting 'em into the Apprehensions of Halters, for want at least of more substantial Vengeance against them. But this unfortunate Detection of his Legerdemain, was no small Vexation to him, and no common Jest amongst his now Laughing, and no longer Frighten'd Persecutors.

But this Comical Juggle had perhaps a very serious Design at the bottom, for he was then making Melancholly Supplications to some of the Judges for Enlargement, and this Complaint well managed, and his Sufferings something Tragically represented, were intended as some serviceable Softnings and Mollifications towards his *D*eliverance: But this unlucky peep into his Bottles was a little Marr to his Projection that way. However he made a most lamentable Address both to the Judges and the Queen her self; but truly with little or no Relief in the matter, his known Character furnishing him with very little pity. Besides, the Justice of his Debts upon him, at his Citizen, his Horse-Merchants, and several other Creditors Suits, putting him quite out of

the

the power of any Court Mercy, unless his publick Services have deserved the Gratuity of so many Hundred Pounds as will satisfie his Debts, a Favour in these times somewhat despair'd of, as being a Golden Shower a little too Prodigal.

You see Reader how worthy a Champion and Advocate sets up both for pleading and seizing the Forfeiture of Birthright and Patrimony in so qualified a pretender to the *Marshalship* of the *Bench*; and what's more wonderful, in that very Raign, where Trust is the Reward of Merit and Virtue, to see so daring an Aspirer to a post of that Dignity (to give him no harder Names) in so wretched a Miscreant.

FINIS